

AVIATOR BEACHEY GOES TO FINAL REST



Taking the body of Lincoln Beachey, world's greatest aviator, from Elks' Hall, San Francisco, where the last rites were administered, to the hearse that bore him to his final resting place. The dead birdman was followed by a cortege of admirers consisting of 2,000 people, some of them San Francisco's most prominent citizens. Beachey went to his death on March 14 at the World's Fair grounds at San Francisco while performing some of his sensational aerial feats. His machine collapsed in the air and he plunged to his end in the waters of San Francisco Bay.

THE MAIN QUESTION

The multimillionaire was addressing the graduating class of a business college, and his talk was filled largely with himself.

"My great success in life, my tremendous financial prestige," he said,

"I owe to just one thing: 'Pluck.' Just take that for your motto: Pluck, pluck, pluck."

"Yes, sir!" interrupted one of the graduates; "but how do you pluck, and whom do you pluck?"—Top-Notch.